

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

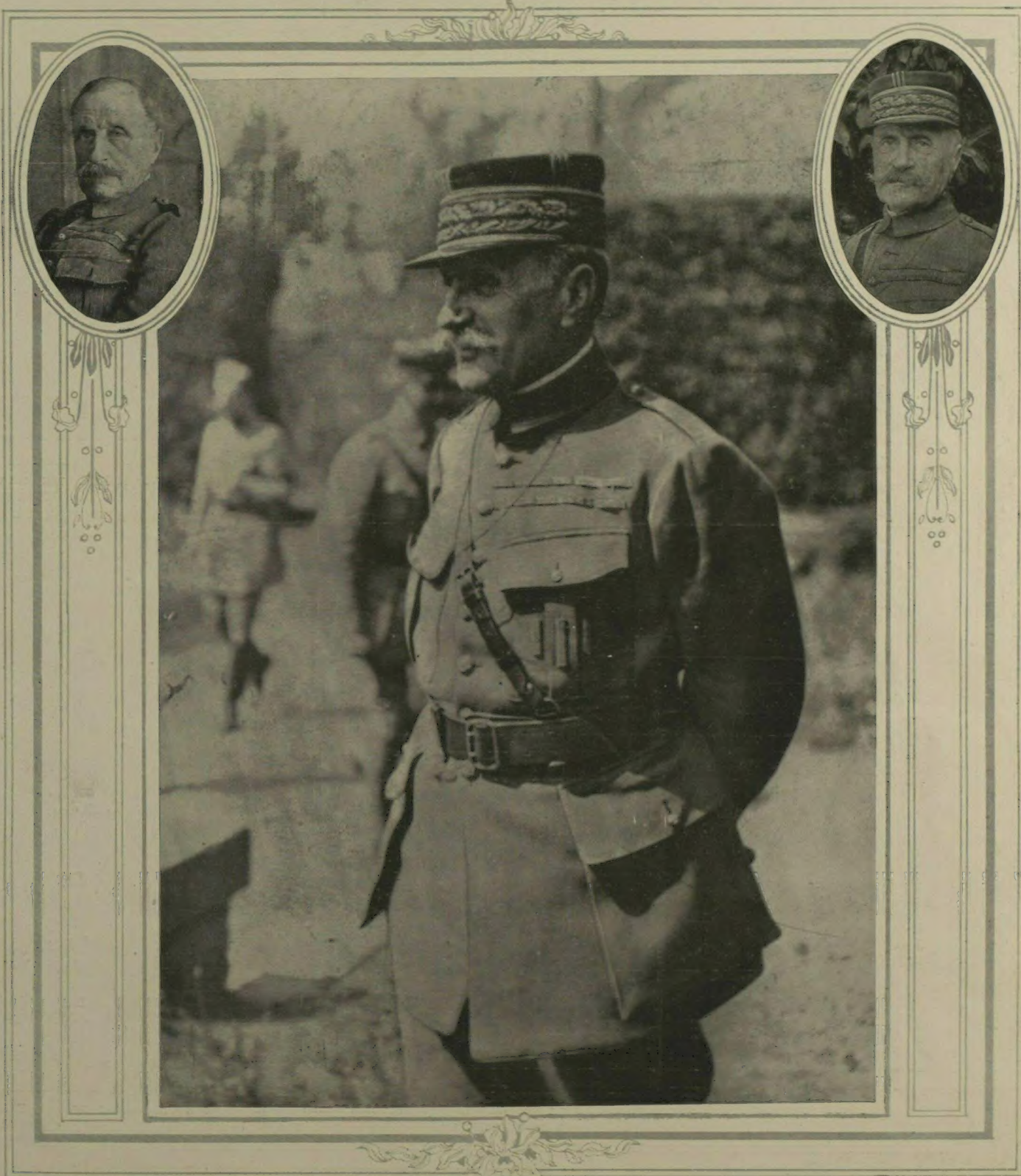
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ONE SHILLING.

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A LEADER IN WHOM THE SUPREME COUNCIL HAS COMPLETE CONFIDENCE: GENERAL FOCH.

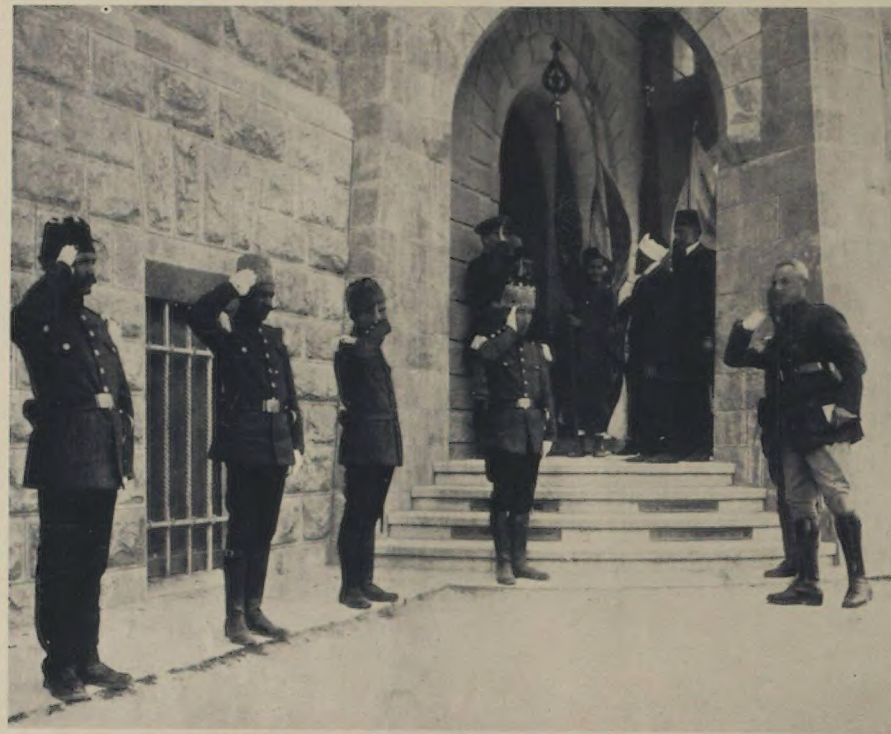
"General Foch enjoys to such a degree the confidence of the Allies that yesterday they wished that their unanimous confidence in him should be expressed in the communiqué." So the French Premier, M. Clemenceau, stated in the Chamber of Deputies on June 4. The passage referred to was in these words: "The Supreme Council has complete confidence in General Foch." The same communiqué also stated: "Everything possible is being

done to sustain and support the Armies in the Field. Arrangements for unity of command have greatly improved the position of the Allied Armies, and are working smoothly and with success." General Foch was officially appointed "Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies in France" on April 14. "The widest powers," it was stated, "have been given to General Foch in order that he may act, and that his actions will not be questioned."

FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.

FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE ALLIED OCCUPATION OF JERUSALEM: THE MOSLEM PILGRIMAGE TO MOSES' TOMB.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.



RECEIVING THE GOVERNOR'S SALUTE: THE SACRED BANNERS (AND GUARD OF HONOUR) AT THE GOVERNOR'S QUARTERS—READY TO START.



PARADED TO RECEIVE THE SACRED BANNERS OUTSIDE THE GOVERNOR'S QUARTERS: THE GUARD OF HONOUR.



THE PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE CITY TO THE DAMASCUS GATE WITH THE MUNICIPAL GUARD OF HONOUR: THE PROPHET'S BANNERS.



ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL FLAGS IN THE PROCESSION ON THE WAY TO THE DAMASCUS GATE: THE BANNER OF "THE YOUTHS OF JERUSALEM."



THE FIRST HALT OF THE PROCESSION NEAR THE MOSQUE OF AKHSA.



OUTSIDE THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE: THE SENIOR SHEIKH READING THE PRAYER FOR THE PROSPERITY OF THE PRESENT RULERS OF PALESTINE.

A great annual religious celebration takes place at Jerusalem every Easter—the five-days' Moslem pilgrimage to the Tomb of Moses, which is traditionally sited on a tall peak to the N.W. of the Dead Sea, overlooking the Jordan Valley. Instituted ages ago as a counter-move to the Christian Easter pilgrimage to Jerusalem, it has ceased to cause ill-feeling; and this year, when Jerusalem is under Allied protection, the completest harmony was the rule. Salient features of the celebration in Jerusalem are shown above. At the outset the Banners of the Prophet, two of the Haram-es-Sherif, and two of Nebi Daoud (David's Tomb, just outside the Zion Gate) were borne to the Governor's quarters and unfurled there, a Sheikh reading a prayer. The Governor saluted the banners and congratulated the Sheikh. The Sheikh then passed outside with the banners in front of the Moslem guard of honour, and took post at the head

of the procession. With a band leading, and escorted by the city gendarmerie, mounted Bedouin police, and Moslem soldiers, the procession took its way to the Damascus Gate. There it received the special "Nebi Musa," or "Tomb of Moses," banner. That was brought out in an embroidered silk covering, which a Mufti removed while reciting a prayer. The pilgrimage moved on with the banners leading, sheikhs and muezzins chanting, and with cymbal-players and drummers alongside. At the Mosque of Akhsa the Hebron pilgrims joined, and also the bearers of the Behrak-el-Shabaab, or "Youths' Banner." As the procession left the Holy City, a salute of twenty-one guns was, as customary, fired from the Mount of Olives, while a guard of honour saluted outside the Garden of Gethsemane. Near there, during a halt, a prayer was read by the principal Sheikh "for the Prosperity of the Present Rulers of Palestine."

THE FIGHTING POETS OF FRANCE.

By E. B. OSBORN.

IN the war of 1870-71 the young poets of France forgot the symbolic act of the mortally wounded Roland, who, as he lay under the pine-trees and gazed across the Spanish frontier, offered his glove to God. Historians have seen in their abstention a striking proof of the lack of national *moral*, which is the secret of military vitality and the only security for success in a modern struggle between nations—for, as Paul Lintier observes in his thrilling study of the disasters of 1914 and the triumphs that followed, "Vaincre, c'est d'être sûr de la victoire." When Auguste Barbier, the grim old satirist, relieved his hidden anguish by rehearsing the incidents of a year of defeat undreamed of, he could say without fear of contradiction—

La Muse n'a pas vu tomber un seul poète.

No wonder that the next decade, which saw the arrival of the literary shirkers in the high places of French art, was a period of pessimism and pacifism in literature, when nothing save exotic passion and the eternal triangle seemed worth writing about in the eyes of men of letters who really lived by the adapted adage: "Art for the artist's sake." The whole period reeks of patchouli, of which the much-discussed "Salome" is an unpleasant whiff, haunting, as it were, the

abandoned petticoat of a dead-and-gone harlot. Déroulède was the first poet to arouse France to a new sense of her historic wrongs, and with the simple verse of sheer patriotism—

S'il te faut ma mort, mort à moi,
Et vive toi,
Ma France!

he shattered the ignoble slumber of his literary compatriots, and dissipated their sick dreams of a world in which only woman remained to be conquered. Théodore Botrel—"petit sergent de Déroulède," as he styled himself in a poem written on the day England entered the arena as the comrade of France—was one of a number of patriotic poets who took up and prolonged the scarlet clang of the new martial poetry. These are the fathers-in-Art of the young soldier-poets, so many of whom have already fallen for the redemption of their "douce patrie," the sacred soil which is all one grave of heroic youth. To-day they also have their disciples among the non-combatant poets, such as the veteran Jean Rameau, whose quatrain on the Iron Cross is so often quoted—

Ce joujou de fer gris est drôle,
Et ne fait pas mal au côté,
Mais, rouge et gravé sur l'épaule,
Ce serait beaucoup mieux porté;

and Paul Fort, elected "Prince" of the French poets a few years ago, whose trick of printing his verse as prose cannot prevent us from enjoying the chiming colours and perfumed music of his spacious stanzas, and marvelling at such masterpieces as "Le Chant des Anglais," in which "Tipperary" is the theme of what Mr. Gosse (to whose books this essayist owes so much) admirably describes as a sort of dream-fugue, all the more touching because it shows a quaint want of familiarity with English colloquial phrases. But it is the young soldier-poets, comrades of our Grenfells and Brookes and Coulsons in a Sidneian fellowship ("nothing that lowers" is to be felt in their bright, pellucid song), who have done most to continue the Tyrtæan tradition. Jacques de Choudens (killed in action three years ago), who calls on the very land to rise against the barbarian invader—

Terres, fleuves, forêts, ô puissances occultes,
C'est votre âme qui bat au bleu de nos poignets—

was the first of them to stir the nation's heart. But there are many others, often errant voices appealing out of some little trench paper, who deserve our praise: I will return to them anon.

GERMANY'S U-BOAT "CRUISERS."

By ARCHIBALD HURD.

FROM the day that the Germans recognised, to their chagrin, that the submarine campaign would not realise the confident prophecies indulged in during the early months of last year they have been boasting of the "submarine cruisers" which were to be sent to sea—marvellous ships of great size (about 5000 tons) capable of travelling on the surface at a speed of twenty-eight knots and making their way under water at fifteen knots, with armoured conning-towers and heavy guns, and with sufficient fuel to enable them to remain away from their ports for months on end. There is a great deal in the power of suggestion, and the enemy calculated that by circulating stories of miraculous submarine "cruisers" he would impress Allied and neutral seamen. Sailors, it was conjectured, would be terrified at the very thought of being chased by ships of such highly developed offensive and defensive powers, with a speed five or six times as great as that of the average tramp. On the other hand, it was assumed with some confidence that the effect upon the German public would be salutary. And so we have recently heard of these "cruisers" out in the Atlantic, and two or more of them have been raiding shipping off the American coast.

In the early days of the war the Germans were impressed by the success achieved by the *Emden*, *Karlsruhe*, and other surface ships in capturing merchantmen. Later on, their imagination was stirred by the performance of the *Deutschland* in evading the British blockade, carrying a cargo to the United States, and then bringing back a quantity of things of which Germany stood in special need, covering no less than 8400 miles. After the adoption of the "sink-at-sight" policy had brought the United States into the war, and piracy had failed to realise anticipations, some fresh device was necessary in order to support German confidence and impress the world—and particularly neutrals. It was suggested that it might be possible to combine in one hull the offensive powers of the *Emden* and the peculiar qualities of the *Deutschland*. According to Commander König, the latter ship was of "nearly 2000 tons displacement." Steps were consequently taken to model pirate craft on the lines of the *Deutschland*.

It is ships of that size which have recently been commissioned and sent to sea. They are not remarkable either in the matter of size, gun-power, or speed as compared with British submarines. The Admiralty, in announcing the destruction of one of these craft the other day,

referred to the "so-called" submarine cruisers, evidently intending to put the country on its guard against attaching importance to the fabulous stories emanating from Germany. In point of fact, there is nothing surprising about these submarines. They displace about 2000 tons, their surface speed is approximately fifteen knots, and they can travel submerged for a very short time at about ten knots. They have efficient engines of the Diesel type, and they burn oil fuel. Oil is very economical in use in Diesel engines, and a very hundred tons go a long way. Consequently, these large submarines, which the Germans have been building as fast as they can, have a great radius of action—that is, they can remain at sea cruising as required for a long time without putting into port or relying upon a surface store-ship either for fuel or food. They are also well armed, carrying two 5.9-inch guns, throwing a shell of 101 lb. One of the principal advantages which these large submarines possess over the smaller vessels (such as the *U 53*, of 800 tons, which crossed to America and back in 1916, sinking British shipping off Nantucket lightship) is that there is better accommodation for the crews, and consequently they do not suffer so severely in health, either mental or physical.

The appearance of enemy craft off the American coast was planned mainly for psychological effects, for the Germans certainly cannot maintain any considerable number of submarines so far from the available bases, either in the North Sea or in the Mediterranean. Sporadic outbursts of frightfulness on the other side of the Atlantic may occur from time to time. The most effective defence will be offered in the "narrow seas." The more destroyers, submarines, and aircraft on duty there, and the more complete the mine-fields at both ends of the North Sea, the safer America will be from such visitors. Any measures which may be taken off the American coast will be of secondary importance. As with the High Seas Fleet, so with these submarines, correct strategy suggests that the enemy can be fought most effectively near his bases—and the nearer the better.

These large submarines are formidable vessels, but the increase of size has not been all to Germany's advantage. The U-boat "cruisers" present a bigger target for attack when travelling on the surface than their smaller sister ships; they take longer to submerge than the smaller vessels; they cannot be handled so easily owing to their larger turning-circle; and they are excluded by their size from shallow waters

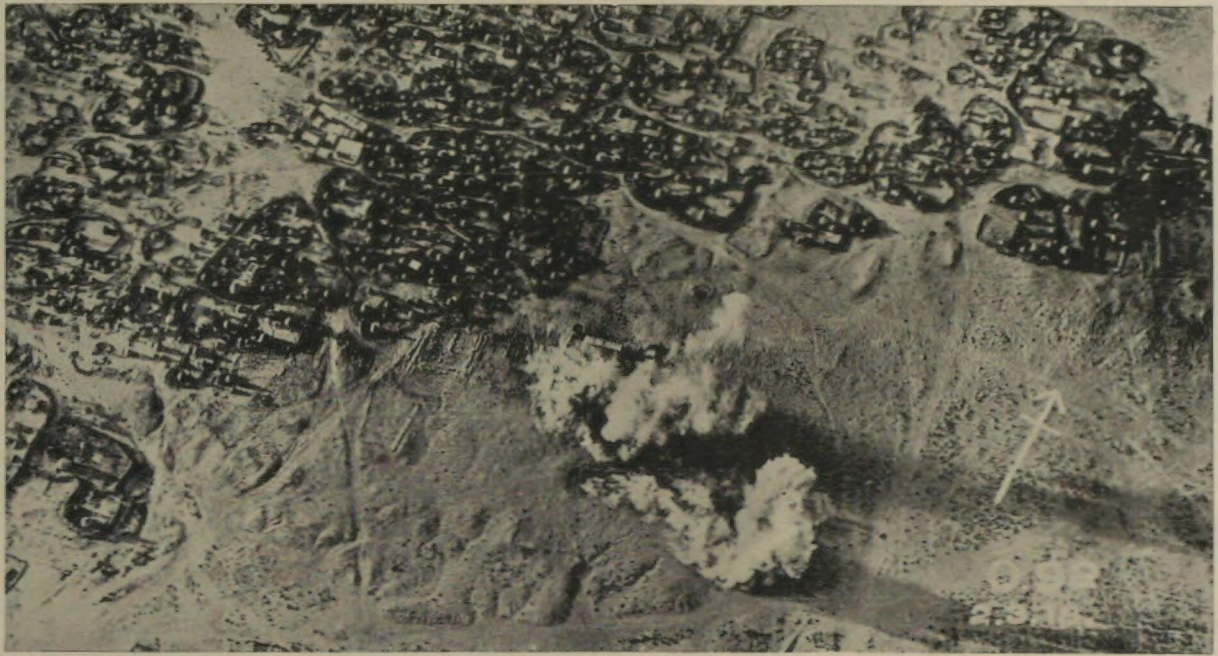
because they need plenty of sea-room. It also follows, as a matter of course, that these bigger submarines take much longer to construct, absorb a great deal more material, and occupy a larger body of skilled men than the smaller submarines, at a time when material and labour are scarce in Germany. In other words, in order to obtain units of greater size, the Germans must be satisfied with fewer vessels.

The German submarine "cruiser" which was recently sunk by a British submarine was, according to the Admiralty, "on the latitude of Cape St. Vincent." That statement suggests that the British Navy possesses submarines with as great a radius of action as the boasted German vessels. That is, indeed, the fact. The Navy is using what are described as escort submarines, which are very fine vessels. They go far afield, and remain at sea for many days on end. It may be said that, if we have such ships, the Germans are wise to have them too; but that does not follow. The policy of the Power which commands the sea is very different from that of a country which dare not float a keel on the sea. At any rate, the fable may be dismissed, that the German submarine service is more efficient than ours. On the contrary, the percentage of hits by British submarines is three times as large as the percentage of hits by the enemy's vessels; but the number of "targets" for our submarines is small, since the enemy has conceded to the Allies the sole use of the seas for military and economic purposes.

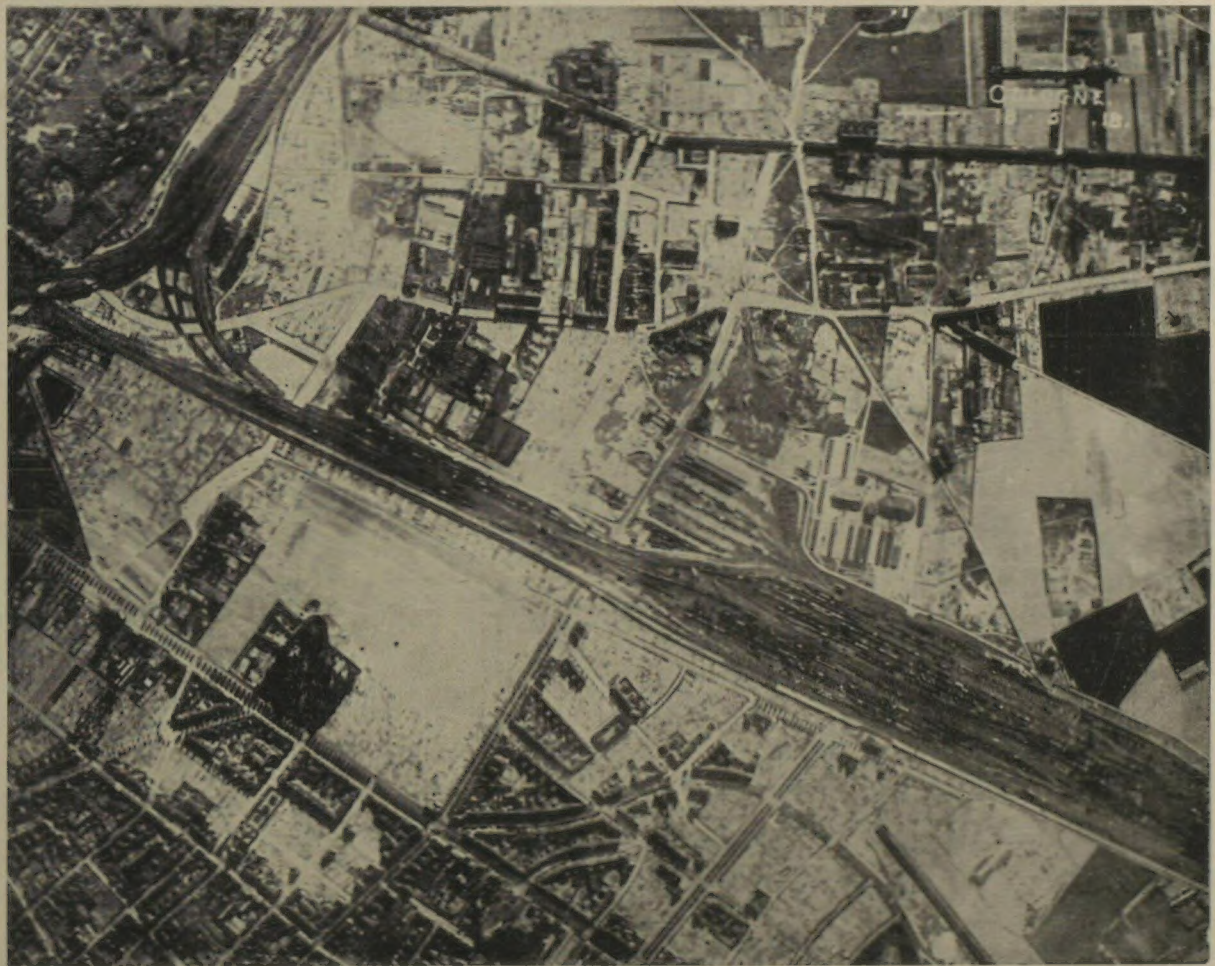
The real submarine cruiser—a vessel of 5000 or more tons displacement—may, of course, come, but it has not arrived yet. In the meantime, the outlook for the enemy is certainly not cheering. The result of his maximum effort since the beginning of March has been that the average weekly sinking of tonnage, Allied and neutral, has decreased by about one-half as compared with the opening weeks of the present year; while, on the other hand, destruction of enemy submarines has proceeded on an upward scale in a most satisfactory manner. There are indications of a distinct deterioration in the moral of the German crews, possibly due to the increasing employment by the Admiralty of British submarines against German submarines. At one time it was declared that submarine could not fight submarine. That statement has been proved untrue. British vessels cruising with only their periscopes showing have been very effective in dealing with these enemy craft, which have also suffered heavy casualties in the mine-fields laid at the two exits of the North Sea.

OUR AIR OFFENSIVE: COLOGNE AND PALESTINE—AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRITISH AIRMEN.



AVOIDING THE ADJACENT TOWN: A BRITISH BOMB BURSTING ON A TURKISH FORT IN PALESTINE—AN AIR-PHOTOGRAPH.



COLOGNE AS SEEN FROM THE AIR DURING A DAYLIGHT RAID: THE GOODS-YARD—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY A BRITISH AIRMAN.

British airmen have for a long time past been doing most successful work on all fronts where our troops are fighting. The raids on Cologne, in particular, have produced a great effect. That of May 18 was carried out in broad daylight, so that photographs

could be taken and military objectives selected—in contrast to the indiscriminate nocturnal bomb-dropping of German air-raiders. These two photographs afford an interesting comparison between a German city and an Eastern town as seen from the air.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WHEN an announcement is made, in mixed and general society, to the effect that a mad dog is loose, there are various general observations that may also be made—if there is time to make them. It may be said that many people are quite idiotically nervous about dogs; and this is perfectly true. It may be said that the overwhelming majority of dogs are not only amiable, but almost snobbishly sociable; and this is perfectly true. It may be said that most misunderstandings with dogs arise merely from people knowing nothing about dogs; and this is perfectly true. But these propositions do not set the question at rest when it has really arisen; that could only be done by two other propositions—the proposition that no dog is mad, and the proposition that this dog is sane. And it is pretty obvious, by this time, that that is the position in the cause between Prussia and Christendom—and the answer to those who say that jingoes in all countries are absurdly suspicious of foreigners, that most Europeans can meet on certain moral fundamentals, and that many international misunderstandings arise from international ignorance. These statements are all true; but they are not statements about the fact before us. When we have watched and noted, for a reasonable time, each particular bite of this particular dog to be followed by hydrophobia, we listen to the other and more general truths with a detachment which verges on indifference.

My friend "Sagittarius," of the Pro-German *Continental Times*, is very fond of discussing whether a thing is "objective"—or, to employ a language more familiar in the land of the living, whether it is a fact. So far as I can understand the "subjective and objective" nonsense of the German philosophers, they seem to think that a truth is different from a fact—or even that a truth can be the opposite of a fact. But, however this may be, the point upon which I have insisted throughout is that every one of the international points he disputes is simply a fact, and not an imagination or an impression, or even a conviction. It is a fact that the English Government did not plan war against Germany; it is a fact that the Prussian was hated in Europe when he was not hated in England; it is a fact that facts, and facts alone, forced the ruling types in England rather reluctantly into reversing a rather favourable view of Germans. Roughly speaking, the best test of a fact is that it can be seen from any point of view, because it is a solid. I could state all these facts in a manner adverse to England. I could suggest that we were cadging for a German alliance merely because we thought Germany

strong; I could suggest that we were so smug and selfish as never to listen to the complaints of other countries against Prussia. These suggestions might almost satisfy the *Continental Times* in the contemptuous colour they give to the English position. But they would completely satisfy me, so far as this debate is concerned, because they still bear witness to the solid fact of what that position was.

It is, for instance, a fact that the great Duke of Wellington, a man hard-headed and far from humanitarian, expressed his private horror of the inhumanity of the Prussians, to whom he gave public support as loyal allies. You could twist this tale against the Duke, or you could twist it against the English; but you cannot possibly twist it in favour of the Prussians. You may say that Wellington was backbiting his comrades in arms; you may say he was deceiving his countrymen; you may say

only from the inside of Germany, but from the inside of England. The objective fact is that in the decades before the war England was full of people, including perfectly sincere and profoundly serious people, who might have called Germany their spiritual home. Teutonism was taught at all our universities, and the case for Teutonism was a fashionable catchword familiar to every educated man.

I have heard almost as much nonsense talked in London, Oxford, or Cambridge as I could have heard in Berlin, Frankfurt, or Jena. The fashionable British view was Teutonist in ten thousand forms and aspects. It did not break down because it was not Teutonist, or because it was not firmly held by Teutonists, or because it was too little open to fresh Teutonist propaganda; it did not break down because it was not Teutonised enough. It broke down

because it was not true—because the real Teutons in Belgium were obviously entirely different from the romantic Teutons in books. It broke down as any mere academic conspiracy of culture may always break down when things begin to happen in broad daylight. In a sense the situation offers a charming opportunity for the metaphysical distinction of subjective and objective. For the cultured Englishman was still regarding the Teuton as a most interesting subject when he was suddenly forced to see him as a most deplorable object.



BIRTHDAY HONOURS IN THE ORDER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE: NOTABLE RECIPIENTS OF THE G.B.E. AND K.B.E.

Of the above members of the Order, the Earl of Plymouth has been made a Knight Grand Cross (G.B.E.), and the rest Knights Commanders (K.B.E.). Sir Howard Handley Spicer has been connected with the work of the Anti-Gas Committee of the War Office since April 1916, and has built up great organisations for the supply of anti-gas protection to the troops. He has also been associated with Mr. Andrew Weir in founding the Salvage Club of the War Office; managing the "Salvage" Journal; and introduced a very useful invention for saving large quantities of valuable material.

that England was leagued with brutal allies or was kept in brutal ignorance. But, every way you turn it, the fact remains that the Prussians were brutal and that the English were ignorant. That ignorance practically remained till the autumn of 1914, when it was for the first time startled by the objective fact of the brutality.

I have already referred, in part, to the refreshing passages in which my critic describes me as "squatting at the cross-roads on the dark side of the boundary between the Lie and the Light," with an obsession stuck through me like a stake and "the white-bearded lies" of the Bryce Report growing inside me like fungi. If he means by the cross-roads that I am free to look and move in any direction, or by the boundary line that I have some experience and realisation of both sides, then it happens that he is perfectly right. I am not altogether so ignorant of Germany, even from the inside, as he seems to suppose; but the objective fact which concerns us here is that I could have learned nearly all he wants to teach me not

attempt to depict the quarrel with the Prussian as a mere misunderstanding, to be dissolved by meeting him. It is the fact that each nation, in turn, has most violently quarrelled with him after knowing him and not before. Before the war, for instance, France was decidedly Anti-German, and England was more or less Pro-German; what made the difference was simply experience. But it is simply false history to say it was merely the experience of war, for the French have waged war with nearly every nation in Europe—but they do not feel thus about any other nation in Europe. It is not experience of war, but experience of Prussian war. What makes people Anti-German is in no sense prejudice or even patriotism. What makes them Anti-German is Germans; and that is the simple answer to all the *Continental Times* has said or will say in the matter. I must therefore leave "Sagittarius" where I found him, and resume my usual occupation of "squatting at a cross-road," impaled on a stake, and tormented by a white-whiskered lie making a noise like a fungus.

A SIGN OF SOLIDARITY: THE ITALIAN CONTINGENT IN FRANCE.

FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



ITALIAN INFANTRY ON THE FRENCH FRONT: STANDING EASY DURING A RECENT REVIEW OF ONE OF THE BRIGADES.



IN BATTLEFIELD ORDER AND WITH BAYONETS FIXED: MEN OF AN ITALIAN LINE REGIMENT AT A BRIGADE REVIEW IN FRANCE.



DURING THE MARCH-PAST AT A REVIEW OF AN ITALIAN FORCE: A BATTERY OF FIELD-GUNS PASSING IN FRONT OF THE SALUTING-POINT.



AT A REVIEW BY A FRENCH GENERAL IN FRANCE: THE COLOUR-PARTY OF AN ITALIAN INFANTRY REGIMENT IN THE MARCH-PAST.



IN COMMAND OF THE ITALIAN CONTINGENT ON THE WESTERN FRONT: THE ITALIAN GENERAL ALBRUCCI AT THE HEAD OF HIS TROOPS AT A REVIEW.



FRIENDS OF LIBERTY: CARIBALDIS IN FRANCE—(L. TO R.; FRONT) COUNT MENOTTI CARIBALDI; MISE. ITALIA CARIBALDI; GENERAL SEPPINO CARIBALDI.

As long ago as April 20, it was officially made known that an Italian Contingent was starting to fight shoulder-to-shoulder with their Western Front Allied comrades-in-arms, for the common cause and as a testimony to the solidarity of the Great Alliance. "The flags of Italian regiments," said Signor Orlando, the Italian Premier, in the Chamber of Deputies, amidst a tremendous display of enthusiasm, "will be flying over the fields of Picardy and Flanders, together with those of France, Great Britain, America, Belgium, and Portugal." A telegram from Rome added that crowds of officers and men were

applying to be incorporated in the regiments appointed to go to France. Meanwhile, on her own frontiers, Italy stands fast, fully prepared, confident of the issue, and ready to bear the brunt on her own account of the threatened Austrian summer offensive. As we all know, French and British contingents (and some Americans also, it has been unofficially stated) are in Italy, "linked in the brotherhood of arms and taking a share" (again to quote the Italian Premier) "in the tremendous common task with a brotherly anxiety, and with the same fervent hope and ardent longings."

THE DOGS OF WAR: THE TRAINING OF CANINE DESPATCH-CARRIERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



TRAINED TO FACE THE BULLETS: DOGS PASSING THROUGH A SQUAD OF SOLDIERS VOLLEY-FIRING.



THE WONDERFUL TRAINING OF MESSENGER-DOGS: PASSING UNDETERRED THROUGH A SMOKE-BARRAGE.



INSTRUCTIONS: A SIGNALLER PUTTING A DESPATCH IN A WALLET FASTENED TO THE DOG'S COLLAR.



ARRIVED AT HEADQUARTERS: A MAJOR RECEIVING THE DOG'S DESPATCH.



ON HIS WAY TO DELIVER THE DESPATCH: JUMPING A GATE.



TRAINED TO CLEAR ALL OBSTACLES IN TRAVELLING ACROSS COUNTRY: DOGS CROSSING A DITCH.



FASTER THAN ANY "RUNNER" IN CONVEYING DESPATCHES: DOGS JUMPING OVER BARBED WIRE.

Dogs have proved themselves extremely useful in war, for despatch-carrying and other purposes, such as scouting, sentry work, traction of light vehicles, and the tracking of wounded after action. The above photographs illustrate the training of dogs employed by the British Army for carrying messages. It will be seen that the tests to which the animals are put are severe, and no obstacles deter them. They can carry a message across country in much quicker time than any runner. In this connection it is interesting

to recall an announcement made a few weeks ago by the War Office, to the effect that dog-owners wishing their dogs to be trained for use with the Army should address their offers to the Commandant, War Dog School, Shoeburyness. It will be noticed that the dogs employed at the training school here illustrated are of various breeds. These photographs afford one more proof of the wonderful sagacity possessed by "the friend of man."

THE DOGS OF WAR: TRAINED ANIMALS AT WORK AT THE FRONT.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



WAR-DOGS AT THE BRITISH FRONT: A MESSENGER-DOG BASE JUST BEHIND THE LINE.



GOING ACROSS COUNTRY UP TO THE FRONT LINE: MESSENGER-DOGS WITH THEIR KEEPERS.



A WAR-DOG ON DUTY AT THE FRONT: JUMPING ACROSS SHELL-HOLES ON HIS WAY BACK TO HEADQUARTERS WITH A MESSAGE.



SWIMMING A CANAL TO DELIVER A MESSAGE TO HIS MASTER: A MESSENGER-DOG AT THE FRONT.



A MESSENGER-DOG DELIVERING A MESSAGE: AT A SHELL-HOLE USED AS A TEMPORARY POST.

On another page we illustrate the training of British war-dogs; here we see some of them actually at work at the front, carrying despatches. Dogs are employed for various purposes by most of the armies engaged in the war, including the French, Italian, and Belgian, and on the enemy side the German Army. Of the Italian war-dogs, for example, Mr. Herbert Vivian writes recently: "When I was at Capri quite a panic arose from a notice that all dogs above a certain size were to be conscripted. . . . At the canine

base everything is as smart and luxurious as any brave war-dog can desire. He finds the training great sport. . . . He must accustom himself to drawing a sledge, wearing a gas-mask, and telling the difference between friend and foe. "The latter is taught by offering him the enemy's uniform impregnated with something he dislikes. . . . Some are marked out by superior energy or courage for dangerous night work, carrying provisions or ammunition to the firing-line, while others have easy billets at the rear."

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY.



REPORTED AUTHOR OF FIVE HUNDRED WORDS: GENERAL THE ARABIAN ALCHEMIST.



PUNISHING THE REBELS: THE EGYPTIANS' BOOKS ON CHEMISTRY BURNED BY ORDER OF DIOCLETIAN.



AUTHOR OF AN ENCYCLOPÆDIC TREATISE ON POTATOES: RABBIT THE ARABIAN POTATO.

SOME little time ago I ventured, on this page, to urge that serious efforts should be made to set on foot the breeding of tame rabbits as a means of alleviating the shortage in our meat supply. But it is only within the last few days that the advisability of taking up this subject in earnest has found recognition. In London a scheme has been set on foot to secure the production of rabbits on a really large scale. Though much valuable time has been lost, much may yet be done, even this year, in raising the necessary breeding stock, which is now so limited that exorbitant prices are being demanded from those who are enterprising enough to start at once to produce food from this source.

These efforts deserve every encouragement, and much might be done by well-to-do people, having large gardens, in the way of increasing our breeding stock, and at the same time acquiring a little practical experience which could be passed on to cottagers and others in need of advice. For rabbit-keeping is not without its pitfalls. This, then, is a form of "war work" which many could undertake with a certain knowledge that their efforts would bear good fruit. I myself have now had twelve months' experience of this kind, and I have learned enough to know that poor people living in large towns will find that the produce of their hutches will furnish them with far more palatable and wholesome meat than much of the "beef" now sold by the butcher. Yet, unless much care and forethought be exercised, the venture will prove rather costly. But it need not do so.

The first question to be considered is not the hutch, but the breed of rabbit that is to be kept. Most people elect to start with the Flemish or Belgian hare, or a cross between these. It is true that, when mature, they are of enormous size; but they have enormous appetites, require at least six months to mature, and need large hutches. Further, a far greater proportion of "offal" is lost with these than with smaller breeds. So far as my experience goes, the best of all breeds for food purposes is the Dutch rabbit, which, if well cared for, will be fit for table in about eighteen weeks. When cleaned for table, a rabbit of this breed should weigh about three-and-a-half pounds—rather more than less.

The provision of the hutch to-day is a serious problem, for even "cube-sugar" boxes are not easy to obtain; and another difficulty arises in the matter of wire

HOME-GROWN RATIONS.

netting. Hutches ought not to be less than thirty inches long and eighteen inches wide, though it is possible to keep single rabbits in good health in a hutch having a floor-space of no more than two feet square. If wire netting is hard to get, then the door only need carry this;

a square nesting place, will suffice—provided that the front opposite the nest be of wood, or covered if the whole front is of netting. But, even with one breeding doe, at least three hutches will be required; for as soon as the young are able to be taken from the mother they must be separated according to sex.

Sawdust is another imperative necessity which, in large towns, is not easy to obtain; and unfortunately there is no good substitute. Since the need for this venture is a very real one, it should be the business of the local Food-Controller to assist all who are willing to undertake the care of utility rabbits by establishing centres from which the initial requirements can be obtained.

Next comes the question of food. The Dutch rabbit is one of the hardiest and easiest to cater for. But in large towns this is no light matter. Meal, once a day, is necessary. In the winter this should be mixed with boiled potatoes or potato-parings, and in the summer with tea-leaves. When fattening, potatoes and boiled beans or peas may be given. Carrots, parsnips, turnips, swedes, beet, and artichokes should all be given, for the sake of variety, and the consequent gain in health and condition. Rabbits also greedily eat the leaves of artichokes. Allotment-holders will find a ready use for their weeds, for all, save bindweed and hemlock, are readily eaten. But on no account should large quantities of one kind of green food be given at a time, or trouble is sure to follow. This diet of weeds can be supplemented by the trimmings from the household vegetables, save only potato-parings, which must always be boiled.

Hay is another necessity which the town-dweller has to buy at an exorbitant cost. This year I am making my own, by assiduously cutting the long grass growing in the odd corners of the Museum grounds. If in every town centres are formed where hutches, meal, and hay are provided at a reasonable cost, the way will be speedily opened for the production of rabbits by the million—provided only that they are not regarded as pets. But there is an easy way of overcoming the repugnance of killing and eating one's own stock, and that is by exchanging with a neighbour when the time for killing comes. But probably the stern necessities of the times will help to solve this by no means negligible difficulty.—W. P. PYCRAFT.



BEFORE A COMBINED BRITISH AND FRENCH COUNTER-ATTACK DURING THE BATTLE OF THE RIVERS: A FRENCH ARMoured CAR IN A SUPPORT-LINE SECTION, HALTING BY THE ROADSIDE FOR ORDERS TO MOVE UP.
Official Photograph.

and it should be placed in the middle of the front, to facilitate the work of cleaning out. There is no real need to have a separate compartment for the hutch for the breeding doe; two bricks, placed in one corner to form

are readily eaten. But on no account should large quantities of one kind of green food be given at a time, or trouble is sure to follow. This diet of weeds can be supplemented by the trimmings from the household vegetables,



WHERE THE AUSTRALIANS BEAT BACK THE ENEMY AFTER A TWO-DAYS' BATTLE DURING THE GERMAN OFFENSIVE: THE SHELLED HOUSES OF VILLERS-BRETONNEUX.

Villers-Bretonneux is a town within the British sphere of operations. It lies some four miles south-east of Amiens. It was the scene during the earlier stages of the present German offensive of a fierce two-days' battle in which the Australians withstood a succession of German onslaughts and defeated the enemy with losses estimated at upwards of 10,000. All the time the German artillery kept raining shells on the town—"a terrific bombardment which tore the streets to pieces," as it has been described.

Australian Official Photograph

The Sea-Patrol Service—Rescue-Work: Salving a Fallen Seaplane.



ALONGSIDE THE WRECK: CLAMBERING ON THE CAPSIZED FLOATS.
(INSET: THE DAMAGED 'PLANE ON THE SURFACE.)



EXAMINING THE WRECKAGE OF THE 'PLANE: PREPARING THE FLOATS
FOR SALVAGE.



HALF THROUGH THE SALVAGE WORK: BREAKING UP THE FUSELAGE
TO GET AT THE ENGINE.

A seaplane has been seen to fall into the sea or been reported fallen, and a rescuing patrol-destroyer speeds to the spot for salvage work. The damaged 'plane is seen in the inset, with one side of its lower wing under water. The capsized floats, being capable of salvage, are shown being lashed and made fast, and (fourth illustration) being hauled



THE ENGINE SALVED AND ON BOARD THE DESTROYER:
' LASHED BENEATH THE FORECASTLE.

up the destroyer's side and on board. The engine is at the same time being broken out from the fuselage wreckage and slung and stowed on board the destroyer. The third photograph was taken from the destroyer's forecastle; the fourth (from the port anchor) shows the seaplane's damaged propeller.

On Patrol on a Trade Route: Giving Instructions to Passing Merchantmen.



ONE OF THE DAILY DUTIES FOR SAFEGUARDING OVERSEA COMMERCE: A DESTROYER ACTING AS "POINT POLICEMAN."

The illustration gives a glimpse of patrol-work at sea. A destroyer is seen informing a passing merchantman where to report, and of mine-field routes and suspected U-boat lurking-places. Conditions in war time on the trade routes vary from day to day, often from hour to hour. A locality may be "safe" one morning and a danger-area that

afternoon. The responsibility of advising and warning passing mercantile craft falls on the patrol-vessels on duty in the area. Closing alongside steamers to give the necessary instructions, or intelligence, is awkward work in bad weather, to avoid damage by collision, as the destroyer has sometimes to be almost touching sides with the heavier craft.

THE UNITED STATES MILITANT: AT THE FRONT AND AT HOME.

PHOTOGRAPHS—FRENCH AND BRITISH OFFICIAL, AND C.N.



THE CAPTURE OF CANTIGNY BY THE AMERICANS: WAVES OF INFANTRY ADVANCING TO ATTACK.



GOING "OVER THE TOP": AMERICAN TROOPS LEAVING THEIR TRENCHES TO ATTACK THE GERMANS AT CANTIGNY.



IN FULL MARCHING KIT: AN AMERICAN MARINE.



FRANCO-AMERICAN CAMARADERIE: A U.S. SOLDIER AND THREE FRENCH CHASSEURS (ALL FOUR WITH THE CROIX DE GUERRE) IN NEW YORK.



MAJOR THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JUN., AT THE FRONT: ADDRESSING HIS BATTALION AFTER GIVING TWO MEN THE CROIX DE GUERRE.



AMERICAN GUN-POWER IN FRANCE: ARTILLERYMEN LOADING A HEAVY PIECE ON TO A TRUCK.

Since their brilliant capture of Cantigny, described under further photographs on another page, the American troops have fought several other gallant and successful actions. Thus, a Reuter message of June 6 said: "The Americans launched an attack at 3.45 this morning from Veully Wood. The attack was satisfactory from every point of view. The entire objective was obtained, and the Americans are confirmed in their faith in

their own superiority to the Germans. The Americans, for new troops, showed considerable skill in using cover. To find Americans in the front line was clearly a surprise to the enemy." The writer adds: "The popularity of the American soldiers with the French troops has grown greatly during the battle of the past week. The French are never tired of telling stories of the pluck and gaiety of their new comrades."

THE FIRST AMERICAN OFFENSIVE: CAPTURING GERMANS AT CANTIGNY.

FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



ONE OF THE 170 GERMANS CAPTURED EMERGING FROM A DUG-OUT AT CANTIGNY: WHERE AMERICANS USED FLAME-PROJECTORS.



GERMANS ISSUING FROM SHELTERS IN CANTIGNY TO SURRENDER TO AMERICANS—AMID THE SMOKE OF FLAME-PROJECTORS.

Brilliant success attended the first separate action undertaken by the American Army on the Western Front, which resulted in the capture of Cantigny and its retention against a series of German counter-attacks. The Americans, who advanced with great dash and determination, took 170 prisoners, including 5 German officers. "There were sharp individual fights," says Mr. Raymond G. Carroll, "in the town of Cantigny: 250 German dead were counted. The enemy in pairs and fours, and in larger groups, came up from their

underground retreats and surrendered, being chiefly young Silesians and Brandenburgers." Mr. Gordon D. Knox writes: "The Americans used *flammenwerfer* (flame-projectors) with success in fighting through the village, the houses and cellars of which were strongly defended." The complete success of this operation is an earnest of greater things in store, when the troops now arriving in a steady stream from the United States have had time to come into the field. Already they are making their presence strongly felt.

THE SPLENDID FRENCH COUNTER-ATTACKS AGAINST THE GERMAN OFFENSIVE: A BAYONET-CHARGE BY FRENCH INFANTRY.

DRAWN BY J. SIMONT FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY A WOUNDED SOLDIER.



PRECEDED BY BOMBERS, AND LOW-FLYING AEROPLANES SWEEPING THE ENEMY'S RANKS WITH MACHINE-GUNS: FRENCH TROOPS MAKING A SUCCESSFUL COUNTER-ATTACK.

Splendid deeds have been performed by the French troops taking part in the Great Battle on the Western Front. Our drawing illustrates a typical counter-attack by the "Bluts" (Cornflowers), as the French call their soldiers, from the colour of their uniforms. On this occasion the infantry advanced over ground strewn with German dead; and

before the infantry, to clear the way, went bombers, and low-flying aeroplanes which swept the enemy's ranks with a hail of machine-gun bullets. Many successful counter-attacks by the French have been made recently, with the result that the impetus of the enemy's advance has been strongly checked.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE WORLD OF FLIGHT

ON BOMBING IN GENERAL.

By C. G. GREY,
Editor of "The Aeroplane."

ONE of the chief drawbacks to writing about the details of aerial warfare is the fact that one is compelled, in the nature of things, to convey the impression that the German is a much cleverer fellow than he is in reality. For example, if one were to describe bombing operations very fully, one would naturally conceal anything new concerning the methods of the R.A.F., and would describe so much as one knows about the German methods, thus most unwillingly leading some people to think that the Germans know more about the game than we do. Similarly, in describing bomb-dropping aeroplanes and mechanism, one could only write of such British productions as are known to have fallen into the hands of the enemy, carefully avoiding reference to newer and better British types; and one would describe the latest German types which are in our possession; thus again leading people to think that the Germans are ahead of us.

As a matter of cold, hard fact, those British officers, and men as well, who have specialised on bombing for the past two years or so, are far ahead of the Germans in the theory and practice of bombing, and have actually dropped a far greater quantity of bombs on German positions, with far greater effect, than the Germans have dropped on ours. It is even probable that more bombs have been dropped in Germany itself—apart from French, Belgian, Alsatian, or Luxembourg territory held by the Germans—than have been dropped in England, despite the fact that the journey from the German aerodromes in Belgium to the coast of England is easier—and, but for our excellent Air Defence organisation, safer—than is the journey from any British aerodrome in France to any city in Germany proper. As regards aeroplanes, British aeroplanes and engines have been proved superior to the Germans' over and over again; and our superiority in the quality of our bombing-machines (if not, perhaps, in their quantity) is quite as great as in other types. Our aeroplanes are superior to the Germans. The Gotha has been greatly improved owing to its designers copying certain details of the British Handley-Page twin-engined bombers.

In a previous article one dealt with the general effects of the strategic bombing of Germany. Doubtless the Germans hope to obtain similar effects by bombing England, though their hopes are certainly pre-ordained to disappointment. Next in importance to bombing enemy countries comes the question of bombing what are in military parlance called "back areas"—that is, areas behind the fighting line containing rest-camps, training camps, munition depôts, work-shops, aerodromes, and so forth, within the zone of the armies. From the point of view of immediate military effect, this class of work—which is generally called tactical bombing—may actually be at times of greater importance than strategic bombing of enemy countries; though, if bombing could be carried to its extreme limit, with an unlimited supply of machines, the ultimate effect of bombing the sources of munition supply would presumably be greater than that of bombing munition stores or military camps.

One divides bombing work thus into Strategic and Tactical Bombing, on the definition laid down by Sir Edward Hamley that Strategy concerns the theatre of war and Tactics relate to the field of battle. In these days the whole of a belligerent country is the theatre of war; and, now that we have guns with a range of some seventy-five miles, any "back area" may be said to be on the field of battle. Next in order—though again, perhaps, at times of prime importance—is the question of bombing in the actual fighting area. This includes bombing troops in trenches and on the march; bombing trains and railway junctions employed in bringing troops and ammunition from back areas into the fighting line; bombing ammunition dumps, battery positions, forward

Battle-Bomber—as one may, perhaps, call it for purposes of distinction; and this fact, combined with its huge size, makes it an easy mark for anti-aircraft guns in daylight, besides leaving it at the mercy of the small, high-speed "chaser" aeroplanes. Which is why machines of the Gotha class, and the still bigger "Riesenflugzeugen," are never seen in daylight.

Similarly, the long-range day-bombers, though smaller and harder to hit, especially when flying at the great heights which they habitually affect, would be "easy meat"—as our chaser-pilots express it—for anti-aircraft guns and chasing-machines if caught at the low levels at which it is necessary to fly if one is to do accurate bomb-dropping on railways, roads, and such small marks. For, though these day-bombers are quite fast, they cannot perform as acrobatically as can the small fighters, and are of quite considerable size when compared with the small fighting machines. The battle-bombers, on the other hand, are practically of any type which is used in battle flying. Judging from captured German examples, and from machines of our own which are known to have fallen into the hands of the Germans, a battle-bombing aeroplane is produced by the simple process of fitting bomb-release gears and the necessary racks for carrying bombs on any machine which is used for reconnaissance, photography, artillery observation, or fighting in the ordinary course of flying during a battle.

The long-range night-bombers, or strategic bombing-machines—again going by German practice—carry a few very big bombs, some as heavy as 500 lb. each, and one has even heard estimates of bombs as big as 1000 lb. Possibly the estimator in the latter case was only judging by the size of the hole as compared with that made by a 12-inch shell, and forgot that a bomb makes a much bigger hole than does a shell of the same weight. Nevertheless, very big bombs are carried, and with them are carried a number of smaller bombs—apparently for use against smaller houses or huts, the big ones being reserved for factories or areas covered by big buildings. The day-bombers, whether used for strategic or tactical bombing, carry either a number of medium-sized bombs or one or two very big bombs, trusting to better aim to obtain the effect which at night they hope to get by a powerful burst. They also carry a number of small bombs, of, say, 25 lb. to 50 lb.

The battle-bombers, as a rule, unless out after some one particularly important target, carry as many small bombs as they can. It is obvious that a line of 25-lb. bombs sprinkled in a string along a road is going to do more damage in a column of troops, or in a train, or in a long line of transport wagons, than is one bomb of, say, 250 lb., which, if it missed its one chance, would be entirely wasted. So much, then, for the general division into three classes of bombing-aeroplanes and their equipment of bombs. One hopes, in succeeding articles—pace the censorship—to go further into their uses and peculiarities.



A PARACHUTE IN DESCENT PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE PARACHUTIST: A KITE-BALLOON OBSERVER'S UNIQUE CAMERA FEAT.

This remarkably interesting photograph, doubtless unique, was taken in mid-air by an observer whilst he was descending by parachute from a balloon. It shows the silk spread of the parachute, nearly 100 ft. in circumference, after it had opened out over his head. Many observers owe their lives to their parachutes, the only means of escape if their balloon is destroyed by gun-fire or aeroplane attack.

aerodromes, and landing-grounds; bombing towns and villages occupied by troops in reserve; and generally being a nuisance by means of bombs to anyone or anything which is assisting in the battle.

All three kinds of bombing may be carried on by day or by night. And for each kind of operation a different type of aeroplane is needed. That is to say, although the fast and comparatively small machines which are used for day bombing might be used for night bombing as well as for their own job, the big night-bombers would not be at all suitable for day bombing, and neither of them would be good for trench or railway bombing in the battle area; though perhaps the fastest day-bombing machines might be used for the job at a pinch.

The reason for this, briefly stated, is that the big night-bomber is slower than the little

CHASED BY A "CAVALRYMAN OF THE CLOUDS": A RIDE FOR LIFE.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



ISOLATED AMID GERMAN MACHINE-GUNS AND PURSUED BY AN ENEMY AEROPLANE: A BRITISH OFFICER'S EXCITING ESCAPE ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

During the German offensive on the Western Front, a British officer found himself isolated, and in the midst of a veritable nest of German machine-guns. At the same time a German aeroplane swooped down at him, and, coming very close, fired at him with a machine-gun. There was nothing for it but to leave the spot as quickly as possible. The officer looked about him, and saw some haystacks in the distance. He

decided to make for them, knowing that they would at least afford some little cover. As he rode for them, taking every obstacle in his way with a recklessness he would never have attempted in the hunting field, the aeroplane pursued him, firing all the time. At last he reached the shelter and took cover beneath the straw. A little later the aeroplane, not being able to get at him, flew away.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FELLIOTT AND FRY, HEATH, W. S. SIVART, LAFAYETTE, LAMBERT WESTON, MATTHEY, SPORT AND GENERAL, SCOTT, CENTRAL PRESS, THOMAS FELL, MASON.



MAJOR F. J. HEXT, M.C., CROIX DE GUERRE.
Royal Field Artillery. Only child of the late Colonel F. J. Hext, and of Mrs. Hext. Killed in action.



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LIEUT. CHARLES JOHN HOLDSWORTH.
Devonshire Regt. Eldest son of Lieut. Holdsworth, late of Richmond, Yorkshire. Killed while leading his men.



CAPT. R. B. KITE.
Oxon and Bucks Light Infantry. Only son of the Rev. J. B. Kite, late Dean of Hobart. Mentioned twice in despatches.



LT. COL. DOUGLAS M. HYSLOP THOMSON.
R.A.F. Second son of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Thomson, The Priory, Essex. Killed in action.



LT. COL. F. B. DENNIS, D.S.O. AND BAR.
K.O. Scottish Borderers. Elder surviving son of the late Mr. George Beachamp Gore Dennis, Newmarket, Bridgwater, Devon.



CAPT. ANDREW BEST MCBRIDE, M.C.
Bedfordshire Regt. Son of Major J. Best McBride, Royal Army Medical Corps. Officially reported killed in action.



MAJOR S. M. BRUCE.
Indian Cavalry. Third son of the late Colonel Edward Bruce, 19th Lancers. "Fane's Horse." Indian Army, and of Mrs. Bruce, of "Kingsley," Cherry Garden Avenue, Folkestone.



LT. COL. ERNEST JOHN WALTHER, M.C.
Royal Engineers. Only son of the late Mr. George Walthew, of Manchester. Killed in action. He was a gallant soldier.



CAPT. ST. JOHN ALEXANDER M. TOLHURST.
New Zealand R. A. M. C. Youngest son of Mr. George Edmeades Tolhurst, Union Bank of Australia, Wellington.

1ST LIEUT. W. VANCE, D.S.O., M.C.
Border Regt. A native of Canada. Had displayed great courage and had been mentioned four times in despatches and awarded the D.S.O.

LT. COL. C. K. JAMES, D.S.O. AND BAR.
Border Regt. Only son of Dr. and Mrs. C. A. James, of The Pollard Elm, Upper Clapton, N.E. Had been mentioned six times in despatches.



LT. F. VINCENT HALL.
R.A.F. (formerly Flight Sub-Lieut., R.N.A.S.). Presented with medal for bravery by the citizens of Dunkirk. Son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hall.



2ND LIEUT. VERNON CHARNIS ORMER.
London Regt. Son of Mr. H. J. Ormer, Regent Street. Was in the Bank of England. Killed in action.



CAPT. ERIC STUART DUGGALL, M.C.
R.F.A. Awarded the Victoria Cross and the Military Cross for most conspicuous bravery and skilful leadership. Killed in action leading his men.



LT. EUSTACE CHARLES GABRIEL LORD.
Irish Guards. Only son of the late Major C. H. Lord, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and of Mrs. Lord, Bath.



2ND LT. JOHN HAMER.
N. Devonshire Light Infantry. Elder son of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Hamer, Dartmouth Park Hill, N.W. Killed in action.

'TOLD TO ME BY PELMANISTS.'

By H. GREENHOUGH SMITH (Editor of "The Strand Magazine").

I AM going to write something about the Pelman System because I believe in it. I am anxious to take my share in calling the attention of the outside public to that system because I have become convinced that it is a real and great promoter of efficiency. And efficiency, in every walk of life, is what alone can save us, as a people, when, in the ever-intensifying competition which will come when peace returns, we have to keep our flag flying in the never-ending battle for the survival of the fittest among nations. If any word of mine can help the cause, I feel that I should be guilty of remissness if I failed to speak it.

Long before I knew anything about the Pelman System in its methods, I knew a good deal about it in its results. What I mean I can best explain by a few typical examples of cases which have fallen within my own experience.

The first case that comes into my mind is that of a certain bridge-player of my acquaintance—his like exists in every club—who was the very type of the happy-go-lucky and haphazard player; the kind who forgets his partner's call or the suit he led from; who has been known to play a spade hand under the impression that the call was a no-trumper; and who every now and then embellishes his game with a revoke. Suddenly, within a few weeks, his style of play improved beyond all knowledge. He was simply bringing into use, for the first time, his memory, his observation, his power of concentration, and, what depends on these, his faculties of deduction. He was able not only to remember what cards his opponents had played, but to infer why they had played them. He had been taking the Pelman Course—not for the sake of improving his bridge-playing—that was only a side issue. But the result, as shown in the club card-room, was, in a familiar phrase of Carlyle's, "eloquent of much." He had become a more capable individual all round. It was not merely that he could play a better game of bridge, which was a matter of comparatively small importance, but he had become equipped to play his part with a far larger measure of success in the great game of life itself. And here it may be remarked that, although money is not everything, it would be folly to ignore the fact that, whether in the small game or the great one, it is the better player who, in the long run, sweeps in the stakes.

Is the Pelman System, then, really able to turn a nincompoop into an expert? Well, hardly that, of course. But in many cases, if you can cure a man of woolgathering, it really almost comes to the same thing. A pamphlet issued by the Pelman Institute has an apt remark on this point: "'Mind-wandering' is one very destructive form of Brain-waste. The untrained brain cannot concentrate wholly upon its subject; it has a tendency to drift, and its owner does not know how to prevent it. A Pelman training corrects this, and enables the worker to bring all his brain-power to bear upon any subject whenever he wishes, and for as long as he wishes."

My next example is that of a young journalist in whose work I take an interest. He is a man of no small natural gifts, endowed with a power of easy expression which always made his writing a delight to read. Yet there was something wanting. His descriptions did not seem quite vivid and alive; they were like pictures somewhat blurred. He, too, went in for a course of Pelman study. What he had lacked, without knowing it, was the knack of seeing things. His powers of observation were untrained and undeveloped. Now his descriptive writing is as full of graphic detail as a Dutch painting. His scenes start up before the reader's eye as if he saw them. And I am glad to say that, like all work that is getting better, it is getting better paid.

In my youth I read a book for children entitled, "Eyes and No-eyes." I do not know whether it is still obtainable, but for the sake of children of the present day I hope so. It narrates the experience of two boys who went one morning for a country walk, and who were asked by their father, on their return, how they had enjoyed themselves. No eyes had not enjoyed himself at all. He had seen nothing of any interest; he had never been more bored in all his life. Eyes, on the contrary, had had a most delightful time. At every step he had found something to awake his interest and amusement. The fact is, he was one of those who are born with the seeing eye. He would go through life as he went through his morning ramble, finding all round him things of interest and of profit, while his companion would be gaping his head off with ennui. Now, one of the special aims of the Pelman System is just this—to convert No-eyes into Eyes.

Again, I number among my acquaintances two young women, sisters, very much alike in character, who were married and set up housekeeping at nearly the same time. A was a Pelman student—B was not. Now, explain the matter how you will, the fact remains that A's house, from nursery to kitchen, was all spick-and-span, while her sister's, although she spent—or, rather, wasted—twice the money, was—not to put too fine a point upon it—an eyecore. In short, A's house was a model, B's a muddle.

The fact is, few people realise what systematic training means for women. Few realise that to run a house is to run a business; that a woman who has to look after a house, a husband, tradesmen, servants, has to be an organiser, a manager, an accountant, a house, a caterer, a nurse, a teacher, a computer, and several other things in one. To run a house is a child's play beside it—for this, among a host of other reasons, that it is easier to replace a clerk than to replace a cook. Yet to this business, this profession, which emphatically demands a trained professional to conduct it with the best results, most women come as amateurs. No wonder that, until in course of time they have brought experience with suffering, they so often make a mess of things. And it is only the woman and liberal truth to say that nine tenths of this trouble could have been spared them. Every girl, whether married or looking forward to the prospect of being married in the future, should take a course of Pelman training. Every husband should send his wife—every lover his bride-to-be. They will save their money a hundredfold, to say nothing of their comfort. And what about the children? Which was likeliest to turn out the better citizens, or the most successful in their own careers, the children who come from a well-ordered household, or those whose earliest impressions have been acquired in an atmosphere of inefficiency and waste?

One more example. A young man, a connection of my own, whom I had not come across for several months, called the other day to see me. He was one of those young fellows whom everybody knows in plenty, breezy, good-hearted, fairly clever, but glibly, pleasure-loving, and with all the makings of a slacker. He came to tell me that his guardian had promised to give him a trial in his own business on condition that he first went through the course of Pelman training. He had done so, and had discovered, to his surprise, that work—a thing for which, as Dr. Johnson said of his clean shirt, he had never had a passion—could become an interesting and even fascinating occupation. He had gone into the business and had been assured by his delighted guardian that he was "making good." "I could see, myself, that he was altered and improved, and I told him my impression. 'It has evidently made you,' I said, 'quite a different man.'"

"Pelman," he grinned, "he was always an invincible joker—and as I winced he added, 'If you want to make the journey of life easy, take a ticket by Pelman car.'"

These examples from my own experience will suffice to show how I had come to know and to judge the Pelman System in the best and fairest way by which any system can be judged—by its results. Such experiences led me, as a natural sequence, to ascertain how such results were brought about. And so I was led to understanding how it came to pass that, by the scientific study of the mind and body, that system gives its students, as one of them expressed it, "something other people haven't got," and explains the fact that everywhere, in every rank and calling, one sees them, men and women, rising to the top as surely as a cork in water.

H. GREENHOUGH SMITH.

A full description of the Pelman Course is given in "Mind and Memory," a free copy of which (together with TRUTH'S special supplement on "Pelmanism") will be sent post free to all *Illustrated London News* readers who send a postcard to the Pelman Institute, 53, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

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LADIES' PAGE.

A FLOWER FAIR in Trafalgar Square sounds rather like a pantomime dream, but it is to be a reality from June 20 to 26 inclusive. The British Ambulance Committee, which is entirely British, founded by Mr. Bradley Peyman, has equipped and maintained since that fateful August in 1914, 120 ambulances, constantly employed in carrying French wounded from danger to safety. Shell-wrecked ambulances must be replaced, and the wear-and-tear of nearly four years made good; and the task is not a small one, so we have the Flower Fair in the Rose month. Sir H. Veitch, who is responsible for the general direction and arrangement of the floral effects, has evolved the charming idea of erecting little creeper-clad houses to shelter the stalls and their well-known saleswomen. Gifts of flowers, vegetables, or fruit are begged, and should be sent to Miss Astley, 23A, Bruton Street, London, W. It is certain that the show will rival some of the best rose exhibitions ever seen. Amongst those opening it on successive days are Mrs. Lloyd George, the Duke of Portland, Lord Charles Beresford, the Countess of Selkirk, and the Marquise de Chasseloup-Loubat. Famous military bands will perform in the Square. On Naval Day, June 21, Lady Keyes and the wives of other well-known naval men attend to sell. On Saturday, the 22nd, prominent Labour representatives intend visiting the Square. There is no charge for admission. The British Ambulance Committee beg the British public to make this Flower Fair a huge success; they would have us remember that each flower we buy will help some dying or wounded *poilu* to safety and rest.

Economy, always a virtue, is more than ever incumbent upon us now; but sensible people know that it consists in part in getting only what we absolutely require, and then obtaining the best possible value for our expenditure. Carpets, linoleum, matting, and other necessary floor coverings are, of course, sold at many and various shops, but there is one pre-eminent place to seek such needs, because there the whole attention and special knowledge of the business is concentrated on this one class of goods, and therefore a supply unmatched in variety, excellence, and value for money can be relied upon. This is Messrs. Treloar's large establishment at the foot of Ludgate Hill. Every sort of floor covering is the exclusive speciality of this well-known and long-established house. The advantage is enjoyed at the present moment of Messrs. Treloar's old and seasoned stocks of linoleum and oil-cloth being in hand, for the difficulty in obtaining the necessary oils for the manufacture has practically put a stop to production, and this is a class of goods that improves by keeping and maturing under proper conditions.

Hence, at Messrs. Treloar's, a supply of lino is forthcoming such as can rarely be seen nowadays, and in the best of condition. Carpets of all



A BLOUSE OF THE MOMENT.

This is made of white muslin with a white pliqué waistcoat striped with red. The revers are of muslin, and there is a wide belt showing in front.

descriptions are there, from the finest and rarest products of the looms of England or of the East for the best apartments, down to inexpensive floor-coverings for the less important rooms of a house. There is also the advantage at Messrs. Treloar's of fine space and good light for the carpets to be spread out for selection; and, where such a necessary is required, no time should be lost—as prices are inevitably rising—in seeing this immense and beautiful stock.

An alarming report has been issued on the dirty and unwholesome state in which a great deal of the milk consumed reaches the public. Even in the soldiers' hospitals—nay, even at Infants' Welfare Centres—milk was found full of unwholesome bacteria, actual germs of disease, and particles of dirt! The report adds the information that such contaminated milk is largely prevented from being sold by State supervision in the United States, and that wherever such precautions have been taken a very marked result in diminishing infant mortality has been obtained. We have a right to claim similar attention from our authorities in a matter where we are unable to protect ourselves. Milk is the only—that is, the *sole*—food suitable for infants up to a certain age, six months at least, and a very important, even essential, part of the diet of older ones; and if it is brought to us in the dirty, unwholesome condition described (which is not necessarily perceptible to our own senses in look, smell, or taste) we have no chance of keeping the precious little ones in health. Why is not that done for us by our public authorities that is done by the American Government in securing clean milk from healthy animals?

Milk contains every element of nourishment; it is not a drink, but a real food, supplying fat, sugar, proteids, and mineral matter in proportions approaching those required by the body. It ought to be known by all house-wives that skim-milk, when it can be obtained, affords almost as much nourishment as fresh unskimmed milk. It does not do as food for a young baby, who takes no other sort of food but milk, and so needs it whole; but for older children, as nothing is taken in the skimming but the fat—which they get in other ways—skim-milk is excellent food. It makes sweetened cereal puddings, of course, but it will also turn into excellent soups, either as it is or half water, thickened either with a little flour, or with oatmeal, sago, tapioca, maize-meal, or rice, seasoned, and flavoured with onion, tomato, potatoes, cabbage, fish, or cheese, according to what we can get at different times. Salt ought not to be put into a milk soup till it has boiled, or it curdles. A beaten egg is a splendid addition.

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THIS melon-shaped Café au Lait Service, in finest hand-wrought Silver, with early eighteenth century flat-chased decoration, is typical of the many beautiful services to be seen at the Company's London showrooms. A visit of inspection is cordially invited, or a fully illustrated Catalogue will be sent post free.

Illustration:

Coffee Pot (holds 1 pint)	... £14 10 0
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IT is not merely a matter of being able to get *everything* at Harrods, but of feeling sure that *everything* you do get is *good*. Needless to say, Harrods policy is one which supports that wide claim to the uttermost. When Harrods say they guarantee to satisfy each patron, they mean they undertake to do all that is possible in this direction. They will exchange an article, if needs be—provided, of course, the article has not been already used—and if needs be they will take back the article and refund the money paid for it.

There can be no better proof of the high quality and value of Harrods merchandise than the singular rarity with which Harrods are called upon to do either of these things.

But the man or woman who buys from Harrods expects, and rightly expects, that he or she is going to get the kind of thing required, and to get it *first time*.

And it is Harrods unceasing pride and endeavour to supply precisely what is wanted—making any matter of ultimate exchange or reimbursement a quite negligible factor in the transaction—albeit a factor cheerfully introduced, should it for any reason be desired.

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It has been so often pointed out to us from outside that the excellence of the Cuisine and Service in Harrods "Georgian" Restaurant is insufficiently known that we tender this reminder and welcome to every visitor to Harrods who may be unaware of the great convenience the "Georgian" Restaurant affords.

HARRODS Ltd

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HARRODS BEDSTEADS

An Example

A very fine Mahogany and Gilt Bedstead of the Louis Seize period. Foot-end is shaped, of double cane, with carved enrichments picked out in gilt. The whole of this Bedstead is of the finest workmanship. It is fitted with easy-running French castors. Size: 5 ft. wide by 6 ft. 6 in. long £54 10s.



Harrods specially invite you to call and inspect the wonderful selection in their Bedstead Salons.

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Life Assurance is wisdom for the thrifty and for the prodigal, for the poor and for the wealthy. It is the sure support in future needs. Government recognises the necessity of Assurance by making annual grants to cover the premiums of those called to the colours. Government encourages Life Assurance by making rebates from Income Tax to cover premiums. Take out an Endowment Assurance Policy *now*. You create a capital that cannot shrink or depreciate—you secure protection for wife and child from the moment the first premium is paid.

Write for particulars of new Standard Life Schemes.

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is tasteless,

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adding a few drops of
LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.

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Why Violet Loraine relies on Daisy Tablets to dispel HEADACHE



Photo. by Foulkham and Sonfield

Alhambra Theatre, Leicester Square,
London, Dec. 28th, 1917.

To the "Daisy" Co.

Dear Sirs,

I place the utmost reliance on your "Daisy" Tablets for they never fail to at once relieve any headache I may suffer from. It is good to know that we can rely upon a British cure for these inconvenient attacks, and I always strongly recommend your handy tablets.

They are so speedy and certain in their curative effects, and never have any disagreeable after-effects.

You have my permission to publish this letter and also my photograph.

Yours truly,

Violet Loraine

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Cure Headache & Neuralgia.
TREATISE & SAMPLE FREE.

If you would like to try them at our expense, send us your name and address on a postcard, and we will send you FREE a dainty box, along with a very interesting scientific booklet on the cure of head and nerve pains of all kinds. Write to-day to

DAISY, LTD. (Dept. T 11), LEEDS.

"Daisy" Tablets are sold by Messrs. Taylor's, and Chemists everywhere at 1/3 per box, or direct (post free) from Daisy, Ltd. (Dept. T 13), Leeds.

NEW NOVELS.

"Mrs. Bente." The simplicity with which "Mrs. Bente" (Collins) is written serves to heighten the effect of its melancholy theme. Fine writing, or fast and loose and pertaining to that line.



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN IN ACTION IN THE RUINS.
Official Photograph.

the work of so many of our younger writers, is eschewed with refreshing restraint. Mr. C. E. Laurence is naive, and his characterisation is without subtlety. This is all to the good. The gist of the story can be given in a sentence. There was once a curate who married a prostitute, hoping to reclaim her. It was, of course, an act of folly—folly as deadly and terrible, in its own way, as her life of sin. Mr. Filson Young once gave us, very minutely explored and illuminated, the heart of such a woman, plumbing the depths of the pitiless selfishness of her nature, in "Mrs. Bente," though she was only an

East-End failure instead of a Parisian success, presents the same insoluble problem as Toni. The last thing her nature could possibly desire was reformation. The amazing part of her history is the acquiescence of Gervase's priestly colleagues in his fatal marriage. It is incredible that they should have consented to it. The author, we notice, hurries over this stage of the affair. Eden was clever—not clever enough, apparently, to be a success in her profession, but agile with the sharpness of a cornered rat on occasion. Reflection on the plot of "Mrs. Bente" carries us back to Rossetti's Jenny, and the first and last word there written on light woman. Mr. C. E. Laurence's book calls up, once again, the great mystery of the immanence of evil. "Like a toad within a stone. . . ."

"The Work of Her Hands." (Chapman and Hall) is a variation of the theme so successfully used by the late Mr. and Mrs. Claude Askew in "The Shulamite"—the attraction of a lovely young woman for the brute in man. It is a sad story, and not less sad because there are crudities in its method. Poor little common Winnie Hurst had been handed over to a husband many years older than herself by her callous uncle and aunt, and had suffered a loveless awakening from maidenhood to marriage. David Hurst was a forceful person who alternated between Puritanical austerity and gusts of passion for his pretty wife, either mood being equally distasteful to the young woman. The situation, at this stage, was plainly ripe for the intrusion of a third person; and, when the Hursts let their bed-sitting-room to an idealist with silk socks and cut-glass toilet-bottles, disaster followed. What that disaster was, and how David Hurst squared his account with Basil and Winnie, is to be found in the last chapter, and to reveal it would be to give away the author's biggest situation. There is, to us, something repellent in the determination shown in this book to force upon the reader the nature of the relations between Hurst and his wife. It is meant well, perhaps, and intended to work out in artistic contrast with Basil's dreams and aspirations; but it overweights the story with sheer ugliness, and neither the gentle Basil nor the butterfly side of Winnie can counteract its unwelcome dominance.

"Mary Plantagenet." Of course, it is plain that young Mrs. Dinneford (who is Mary Lawrence in the story of her first twenty years) will be meeting Mr. J. C. Snaith's other popular heroine, Araminta, as soon as she steps off the stage of "Mary Plantagenet" (Cassell). This is what we must call an Aramintish book—a book of laughter and girls, a book of

the young man's pre-war London, a book of Ladies with a capital L, and the lower orders with a little one. One of the most enjoyable things about it is that the abandonment of the infant Mary Lawrence on a doorstep in Grosvenor Square can never, for a minute, take anybody in; while at the same time it produces a pleasant feeling of perspicacity in the reader when he perceives, without actually being told, that the baby in the basket is a ducal mystery. A policeman's kitchen is all very well; but only the babies of the august are found in fogs and adopted as conveniently as Mary was adopted—in fiction, that is to say; and Mr. J. C. Snaith is not troubling himself about the grey lines of life as it usually works out. There is sunlight in "Mary Plantagenet," gay improbabilities,



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A BRITISH GUN IN ACTION NEAR A VILLAGE POND.
Official Photograph.

and equally gay verisimilitudes. It is very light and entertaining, and altogether Mr. Snaith is to be congratulated on having written another happy book.

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We are always pleased to
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London Hospital to take
instructions for New Kit.

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(An Illustration)

This coat is made from a specially
prepared fabric, specially treated
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cut and well tailored, light in weight.
Lined same material as outside of
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READ THIS TESTIMONIAL.

MESSRS. A. W. GAMAGE. 4/3/18

SIRS,—I should be obliged if you would
quote me for cleaning and re-proofing my
Trench Coat which I purchased from you
last June (1917).

I may say that I have had this coat on
Active Service since July, and have done
pretty hard wear, and, with the exception
of a few small stains, it is as good as the day I
bought it.

It is a most serviceable garment, and one
best of several of which I have had.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) W. G. A.
B.E.F. (France).

Naval & Military Catalogue Post Free.

TERMS—NETT CASH.

R.A.F. Uniforms to
order. Patterns and
Prices Post Free.

"Control" Prices and a Moral

ONCE upon a time a man named Sheraton made very beautiful chairs—so beautiful that people who had wealth and fine taste built fine houses and decorated lovely rooms so that the Sheraton chairs could be seen to advantage in them.

WHEN King Demos came to reign he said: "It is not right that any of my subjects, just because of their being wealthy, should have finer chairs to sit on than my poorer subjects." So he ordained that it was unlawful for any chairs to be sold for more than three guilders for each chair. Sheraton was then paying more than three guilders for the labour on one leg of one of his beautiful chairs. So he died of a broken heart, and all the Sheraton chairs had to be sold for three guilders each, and the merchants who had stocks were ruined. Many poor people bought these chairs, but they did not think them strong enough.

MANY years after King Demos died, and the law concerning the price of chairs had lapsed or was forgotten. Connoisseurs went about the country and bought all the Sheraton chairs and put them back again into their place of honour, paying, sometimes, ten times the price that Sheraton sold them at.

Moral:

Do not conclude that the "control" price of an article denotes its actual value.

Get Haig & Haig Whisky if you can. It is the "Sheraton" quality

IN the Home Market I am
very scarce owing to Govern-
ment restrictions. No new
accounts can be opened at
present.

My famous contents are exported in this bottle.

AFRICA is calling for me,
INDIA is calling for me,
CEYLON is calling for me,
EGYPT is calling for me.
ARE YOU?

Haig & Haig Five Stars Scots Whisky

Head Office: 57 Southwark Street London S.E.1



THE GENESIS OF BRITISH WAR POETRY.

NOT the least interesting point about Mr. William S. Murphy's book, "The Genesis of British War Poetry" (Simpkin, Marshall), is its own genesis. "Originally intended to be the introduction to an anthology of British war poetry, it has grown too large for the purpose," and is thus issued as a separate essay, while the anthology, with critical appreciations by the same writer, is reserved for a future volume. Mr. Murphy has not been content merely to scratch the surface of the ground which produced such a prolific and unexpected crop of war poetry. He digs deep into the soil of history—political, industrial, intellectual, and religious—in order to find its roots. His book, in fact, is far more than a literary study of a poetic revival. It is a keen analysis of the influences that have governed British national life—the Napoleonic period, ending with a summary of the events that led up to the present war. Incidentally, he denounces those who have criticised our war poetry. I have accepted Cowley's dictum that "a warlike, various, and tragical age is best to write of, but worst to write in." Mr. Murphy easily refutes Cowley from the evidence of history, but he has still to prove the critics

fervour, realism, and spontaneity. The great poets whom he cites as writing in Elizabethan and Napoleonic times were not amateurs, but supreme artists. The singers of the trenches—vivid and moving as their work often is—cannot be compared, *ipso facto*, to the masters of song, any more than artists of the trenches could be compared, because of the intense interest of their subjects, to the masters of painting. The undoubted fact that the outpouring of war poetry expresses a great spiritual "uplift" of the national soul does not necessarily mean that the poetry itself is great. It is unfair to suggest that critics have been actuated by professional jealousy. They would be the first to acclaim a masterpiece written by a soldier or a sailor poet.

Yet another new treatment has been added to the equipment of Harrogate Spa. It is the Parafix Wax Bath, and it promises to be a most valuable method of easing stiff and painful joints. The temperatures borne whilst in this bath are remarkably high. Apropos to Harrogate, a novel flag day for to-day, June 15, is being arranged. It will take the form of an Italian Fruit Market, and will be held in the beautiful gardens of the Royal Hall.

The prices given for the well-known "Greys" cigarettes in the advertisement appearing on the cover should read: 200 for 7s.; 500 for 16s.; and 1000 for 31s.

The chairman and directors of Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., of Holborn, are to be congratulated upon a very satisfactory report. The turnover has been a record one, the net profit, £54,299 6s. 9d., making, with the amount brought forward, £60,932 10s. 1d. A dividend of 8 per cent. per annum is being paid on the Ordinary shares, and the General Reserve raised to £41,500. The chairman and governor, Mr. A. W. Gamage, the directors, and the shareholders must, alike, be well content with the result of the year's efforts.

"ROMANTICISMO," AT THE AMBASSADORS.

THIS fine piece was far too good a thing to be given at one or two performances, whether by Italian or by English players, and then left on the shelf. It was worth the chance of a run; and all theatre-goers



ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT IN FRANCE: A TOMMY CROSSING A CAMOUFLAGED TRENCH.—[Official Photograph.]

who love a genuine story and eloquence on the stage will be glad of the opportunity the revival in English of Rovetta's stirring drama of the Risorgimento affords of making the acquaintance of this work of art. "Romanticismo" went well last Saturday night, and served to remind the audience of the great effort of our Southern ally in the present war. Once more the declamatory fervour of Mr. Cowley Wright enabled both the rhetoric and the situations to secure their proper thrill.

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ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT IN FRANCE: A NOVEL MILITARY CONTROL.

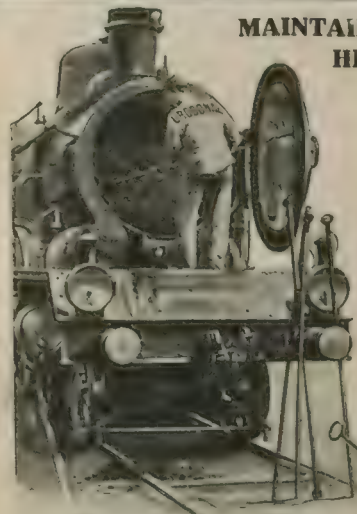
Official Photograph.

wrong in saying that present-day war poetry has not, except in a few instances, reached a very high level. After all, poetry is an art, and requires something more than

Reserve raised to £41,500. The chairman and governor, Mr. A. W. Gamage, the directors, and the shareholders must, alike, be well content with the result of the year's efforts.

URODONAL

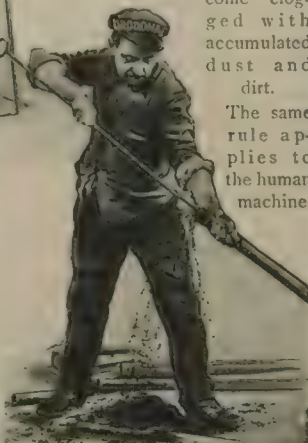
MAINTAINS YOUTH OF THE HEART AND ARTERIES.



It frees them from all the waste products, uratic and chalky deposits which tend to harden their walls.

This cleansing process may be compared to the cleaning of the boiler and pipes of an engine, which would certainly refuse to work were its various parts allowed to become clogged with accumulated dust and dirt.

The same rule applies to the human machine.



Certain blood vessels (veins and arteries) can be compared to boilers. By diet of continually working and circulating blood that is more or less loaded with impurities, their walls become encrusted and hardened, so as to resemble "clay piping." This is **Arterio-sclerosis**, the baneful consequences of which are only too well known. Uric acid is the chief enemy, inasmuch as it is always present in excess whenever nutrition is disturbed. It paralyses the heart, and is in some cases the sole cause of certain diseases of this organ (Pericarditis, endocarditis, etc.). Heart trouble, as well as disorders of the circulation, are, therefore, greatly benefited from the use of URODONAL, which is **thirty-seven times more powerful than lithia** as a solvent of uric acid; and, therefore, effectively prevents the appearance of the manifold troubles due to its presence.

Dr. DAURIAN, Paris Medical Faculty.

URODONAL, prices, 6s. and 12s. Prepared at Chatelain's Laboratories, Paris. Can be obtained from all chemists and drug stores, or direct, post free, 6 and 12/6, from the British and Colonial Agents, HEPPELLS, Pharmacists and Foreign Chemists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W.1, from whom also can be obtained, post free, the full explanatory booklets "Scientific Remedies," and "Treatise on Diet."

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Constipation
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Lace-trimmed Blouses

We are exhibiting, in the Balcony Salons at the Linen Hall, some charming blouses for Summer Wear, including beautiful models in Crêpe-de-Chine, Georgette, Voile and Silk.

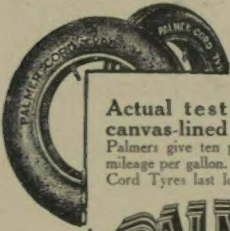
No. L.L.N. 607.—Blouse in white voile, trimmed small tucks, inlet Valenciennes lace back and front, and small tucks. Sizes, 12-14. 19/11

Our own make. O. S. 2/- extra.

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Read this extract from the "Commercial Motor," 8th March:

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to restore the natural colour of Grey or Faded Hair is to use Hindes' Hair Tint. Permanent in effect, natural in shade, washable and undetectable. It is guaranteed by the highest medical authority to be absolutely harmless. (Certificate accompanies each bottle.) In seven natural shades.

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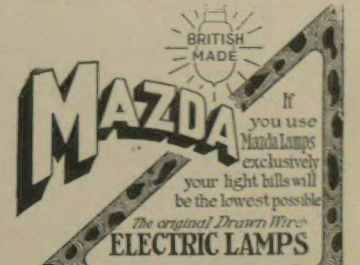
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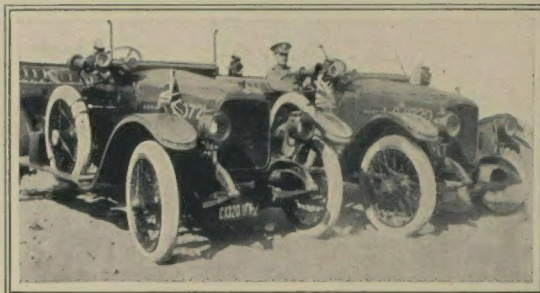
THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Magneto v.
Battery Ignition.

There has been a considerable amount of recent discussion in America as to the comparative merits of ignition by magneto and the alternative battery system. Opinion seems to be rather divided on the question; but, so far as one is able to follow the controversy, it appears that the arguments are largely dictated by the personal interest one side or the other has in the system it favours. There is doubtless a good deal to be said for either system, and, as in any other controversial question, it is possible to prove to-day that the one has it, while to-morrow the arguments in favour of the other appear to be overwhelming. So far as we in this country are concerned, the matter is not yet one that is likely to cause us much concern, because the British manufacturer has not acquired the habit of fitting his cars with electric lighting and starting sets, and is thus confined, for the time being, to the magneto as a means of generating the current essential for ignition purposes. But there is no reasonable doubt that after the war he will, if he is to meet

on level terms the competition of the imported car, have to equip his vehicle with these accessories, which until now have been regarded as luxuries, but which the

Americans have really made into necessities. Then will come the time for controversy between the advocates of the retention of the magneto and the opposing school which regards it as superfluous in the case of the vehicle equipped with an electric generating plant for lighting and starting.



NOTABLE CARS IN THE WAR: VAUXHALLS IN EGYPT

General Allenby is among the distinguished war leaders who by their use of the Vauxhall confer on it an honour. Our illustration shows two of the cars used by the Commander-in-Chief's Staff. They were landed in Egypt in September 1916, and, writing in February 1918, the driver of one of them points out that "it has been on the road every day since, has never given any trouble in any shape or form, and is in as good condition as on the day it landed."

For my own part, I must say in advance that I cannot see why we should want both systems on a single vehicle. In the days when the battery system was the only one available, it was admittedly a terrible source of trouble. Certainly seven-tenths of the roadside troubles that beset one were due to faulty ignition apparatus; but it must be remembered that that apparatus was at least as crude as the car itself. Those were the days when the car-owner was carrying out the manufacturer's experiments at his own proper cost and charge—and not only in ignition apparatus. But we have travelled a long way since then, and in any case there is no real comparison between the battery system of 1903 and that of 1918. Then we did not carry the re-charging plant on the car. The batteries had to be charged from an electric main

(Continued overleaf)

A



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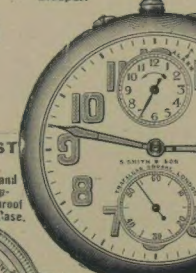


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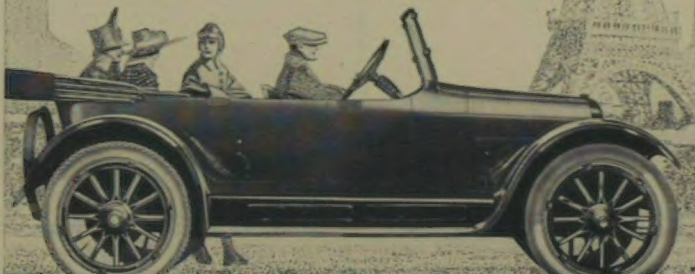
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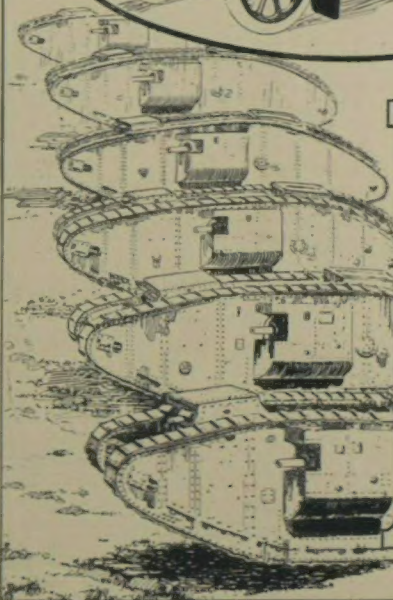
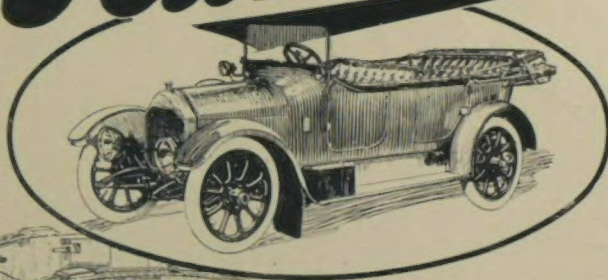
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When the
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—those who have risked their lives at the Front will find peace, comfort and solace once more in touring the country roads of England in a post-war ‘HUMBER’ Car.

HUMBER Limited,
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Continued.

away from the car. Then the battery itself could never be really depended upon. Many a time have I been stranded by an internal short-circuit in the battery, which left me with no current for ignition—generally miles from the nearest place at which another could be obtained. Of course, one always had a spare battery; but that was generally found to be also exhausted when it was wanted. Even when the batteries behaved themselves, the rest of the system was so crude and unreliable that it required constant care and attention to make it work at all; and even then it could never be depended upon—except to give trouble. When, therefore, the high-tension magneto became perfected as an ignition appliance, it was hailed as a perfect godsend and we made haste to scrap our batteries; and had it not been for the advent of electric lighting and starting systems, we should never have contemplated dropping the magneto. One thing is certain—which is that the battle for

supremacy after the war will be fought out very largely on the price question. Unless we can get the cost of the British car down to a figure which will

the war. If that is so, as I believe, and if the car-buying public insists upon having electric light and electric starting, it seems to follow that the magneto will have to be dropped. In any case, it seems to be rather futile to duplicate the generating plant. Given that the dynamo is dependable for lighting and starting, surely it is equally dependable for ignition; and, if that is so, wherein can arise the necessity for fitting another generating machine for ignition alone? The magneto is an expensive apparatus, and, if we are going to hold our own in the markets, we have got to consider where cost can be saved. Here is one direction in which such a saving can be effected. Of course, where there is no lighting set we must retain the magneto; but the point of the argument is that we do not want both systems. True, the buying public, with unhappy memories of battery ignition, will have to be educated up to the improved system, but that ought not to be difficult.—W. W.



FOR THE HUMBER HOSPITAL FUND: INTERESTING SPORTS.

The Humber Hospital Sports, held the other day, were very successful, a gathering of over four thousand being present. The proceeds go to the local hospital. Our photograph shows a band of the R.A.F. taking part in a 50 yards' race.

enable it to compete with the American vehicle, matters will really be worse than they were before

tion, will have to be educated up to the improved system, but that ought not to be difficult.—W. W.



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